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OUR IMPORTED MILK AND CREAM.

By R. HEDGER WALLACE.

WHEN arable farming is found to be unprofitable, the British farmer is told by his friends to resort to Dairying. The consumer is always ready to advise the farmer, and as he professes to have the agricultural interests of the country very much at heart, the food-producers naturally attempt as far as possible to carry out his wishes, and supply indicated wants.

Thus farmers now only bring the most suitable and fertile soil under arable cultivation, the balance being left under grass and pasturage; and the Agricultural Returns show us that year by year the acreage under grass is steadily increasing. The British farmer has only too good reason to take to dairying. Though he is told on good authority that the sale of wheat is dull and languid and its price low, there is, unhappily, no reason to believe that the margin has been reached at which profits can be realised; for, even at 18 francs a quintal, or 7s. 3d. a hundredweight, wheat grown in France can be sold without loss. And the 'bonanza' farmers of the United States can produce a bushel of wheat for 22 cents. Then the consumer now prefers foreign-grown to home-grown wheat; we are even told that English wheats are now used 'to adulterate' foreign samples. To be brief, the practical position is simply this: Farmers are told by the consumers of their products that they can get their wheat and flour elsewhere, but that they will be pleased to continue dealings if farmers, while competing with foreign producers, see their way to supply them with milk and butter at an exceedingly low figure.

This competition is not hopeless; for milk is too bulky an article for carriage by sea, and one that too quickly perishes to make it a regular source of export from countries so near us as Holland and Sweden. Unluckily, this ray of hope begins to fade away. According to the last Agricultural Returns, we have over

3,900,000 cows in the United Kingdom, and assuming that they each yield 450 gallons of milk yearly (a low average), our annual home production of milk may be said to be about 1,755,000,000 gallons. As to consumption, our population in round figures is about 38,000,000 souls, and if we take a family to consist of seven persons, we then have 5,430,000 such families to supply. Assuming that each family consumes about 80 gallons of milk yearly, we then have an annual consumption of 434,400,000 gallons, leaving about 1,300,000,000 gallons of milk to be used in calf-feeding and butter and cheese making. The Returns show that in 1894 we imported over 161,600 gallons of so-called 'fresh' milk and cream—though we believe that not more than one-third of this quantity actually came as milk, as unfortunately the Custom-house officials in their statistics make no distinction. As compared with our consumption, however, our imported milk is a mere drop in the bucket; but the import is rapidly increasing, and will yet assume larger proportions, for in the first six months of 1895 we imported nearly as much as we did in the twelve months of 1894. It may surely be assumed that the non-agricultural classes do not desire to see those of their fellow-countrymen who are engaged in milk-production placed at a disadvantage when offering their goods in competition with foreign producers, but rather that each side should have fair-play. Does the British milk-producer get it?

Scientific authorities agree that milk is a great carrier of disease, and that nothing is more liable to pick up disease germs; and in the interest of the public the path of those connected with the milk trade simply bristles with Acts of Parliament, Privy-council orders, county and town council regulations, and sanitary inspections. *Our cow-houses or byres, dairies, and milk-shops are all subject to inspection and regulation, and the milk offered for sale is open to analysis; the last Local Government Board

Report for England and Wales deals with 15,500 analyses of butter and milk. A Royal Commission reports that 'no doubt the largest part of the tuberculosis which man obtains through his food is by means of milk containing tuberculous matter,' and we straight-way make stringent regulations to guard against such milk coming into consumption. If scarlatina, diphtheria, or typhoid fever breaks out in the family of a dairyman, or near to a dairy, we try to avoid contamination, and often even go so far as to put the milk entirely out of reach of human consumption. And even yet we have much to learn: a recent bacteriological examination of the London milk-supply brought out the uncomfortable fact that every sample examined contained specimens of a very unpleasant bacillus; indicating that, in spite of all our regulations, milk is still stored and distributed under highly defective sanitary conditions.

No one objects to the measures required, least of all those interested in dairying; it is evidently for the good of all that nothing but good, pure, wholesome milk should be produced and consumed. But the vagaries of the consumer are strange indeed; he takes care that the milk produced in his own country shall, as far as possible, be pure and free from anything unwholesome, but oddly enough, he is prepared to shut his eyes and swallow anything which is called milk when supplied by a foreigner. He does not stipulate that the imported milk should have come from countries which have sanitary regulations in touch with ours. For all he knows, the imported milk may have been drawn from animals suffering from bovine scarlet fever, or with tuberculous ulcers on the udder. Should it carry infection to his household, with whom rests the blame?

It will be admitted that the households of foreign dairymen are just as liable to suffer from diphtheria and typhoid or scarlet fever as our own; but the British consumer establishes no safeguards to protect himself from this risk, and has no security that contaminated milk is not imported. Apparently he is quite prepared to use foreign milk, although the milk has been drawn—for all he knows—by some one suffering from scarlet fever; but he calls out for summary punishment when in his own country any such person is found in or near a cowhouse, dairy, or milk-shop. Does the consumer think this is giving his own countrymen fair-play? Equity demands that foreign importations should be under such restrictions and regulations as shall guarantee that imported milk has been produced and handled under sanitary regulations as complete and carefully enforced as our own. Since milk and cream are the most perfect carriers of disease known, even if the foreign producers could bring proof that their supplies have been secured under the same sanitary regulations as are compulsory on the milk-producers of the United Kingdom, still special regulations and sanitary precautions would be necessary as affecting its transit and shipment. Otherwise we would still be liable to have disease transmitted to us which has been picked up by the way.

Here is the question for non-agricultural readers: If it be your desire that the milk consumed by you shall be produced under such sanitary conditions as you think will protect you from disease and vouch for its purity and wholesomeness, can you explain why, in 1894, you consumed over 160,000 gallons of milk and cream that were absolutely devoid of any guarantee that the slightest sanitary precaution or regulation—such as in self-preservation you exact from your own countrymen—has been adopted or even attempted with regard to its production, transit, or sale?

Another abuse demands a remedy. This foreign milk and cream may come to us either in the ordinary form, or as frozen milk, or as simply condensed milk—that is, concentrated without the use of sugar. Now, not a drop of this foreign importation has any right to be called 'fresh,' or sold as such. It is an article which should be labelled and sold as 'preserved;' for, to enable it to keep, it has been treated with antiseptics, principally boracic acid, it is believed.

The use of antiseptics as milk preservatives is the slovenly expedient of a bad dairy manager. It certainly makes it less easy for the customer to distinguish between milk from a clean, well-managed dairy, and milk from a dirty and unhealthy one. The British dairyman, it is true, also uses antiseptics, but only occasionally—when he wishes to keep over a surplus of milk till next delivery, for example. But this is wrong; and his best friends condemn antiseptics, and would like to see their use specially forbidden. These milk preservatives are known to dairymen under a number of fancy names, but almost all contain either boracic acid, salicylic acid, or benzoic acid. According to La Croix, benzoic acid is a more powerful preservative than salicylic acid, which Liebermann and Meyer consider the most powerful of food preservatives in common use. It has been proved that preservatives are unnecessary, as even in the very hottest weather fresh milk in cans will keep without any taint for sixteen hours, notwithstanding their being jolted in a cart. Antiseptics have been proved to be unnecessary even under the trying conditions of an Australian summer's day. If milk does not keep sweet for so long, then it is either not fresh, or it has been put into dirty cans. A milk preservative that has come to us from Germany is known as 'formalin,' a forty per cent. aqueous solution of formaldehyde. The editor of a scientific journal published the other day the analysis of a sample of milk obtained from a well-known establishment in London, which showed that, though the milk was excellent in quality, formalin had clearly been employed as a preservative. Now, this substance is an exceedingly powerful chemical hardening agent; but if hardening agents are put into it, milk will be as dangerous as tea with its tannin. The astonishing fact is that formalin is a strong poison—so much so, that the German manufacturers urgently recommend their customers in Germany and other continental countries to abstain from adding it to any article of food or drink. The use of formalin is much more

common on the Continent than with us, and it would be interesting to know to what extent our imported milk and cream have been preserved with it.

Salicylic acid is also obnoxious, inasmuch as those who take milk preserved by its means are innocently dosing themselves with a drug which will retard or arrest digestion, and even affect the heart. Nor does it give security against all disease germs, though it kills cholera bacilli. Antiseptics are, without doubt, injurious to all who, being constant milk-drinkers, consume them regularly, and especially to children. There is no doubt whatever that practically the whole of this foreign milk and cream is treated with antiseptics to insure its keeping.

As already noted, it is boracic acid that is chiefly used for the purpose. Meyer's experiments show that three and three-quarter grains of boracic acid per pint are necessary for it to have any good effect as a milk preservative. Now, the minimum medicinal dose for a child three years of age is one grain, and the maximum dose six grains. So that a child of three years of age who daily drinks a pint of milk preserved with boracic acid, will be daily receiving fairly strong doses of the drug; and should this continue for two or three months running, it must injuriously affect the child. Against disease germs boracic acid is powerless. Lazarus and Freudenreich agree in condemning the use of all chemical preservatives in milk.

All milk consumers should bear in mind three facts. First, that in dairying the use of antiseptics is entirely uncalled for, and that they are never employed in any good dairy. Secondly, that when used in Britain, even by second-rate dairymen, it is only occasionally, to meet some difficulty which through ignorance or laziness they are unable otherwise to safely overcome. Thirdly, that the importation of foreign milk and cream is only possible by the regular and systematic use of antiseptics.

It is well to draw attention to our foreign importations of milk and cream while the trade is but in its infancy, and before it develops. Now is the time to make such regulations as will assure us that, in purity and wholesomeness, this milk is equal to what is home-produced; for perhaps the day may come when, as with our wheat and flour supply, we may be dependent on imports from foreign sources for over seventy per cent. of our milk-supply. All the advices we receive indicate that our continental neighbours intend to develop this industry, specially Holland; the Belgian Government designs to develop this trade at an outlay of £25,000 for three years; and from Denmark we learn that a company at Copenhagen has completed arrangements for the regular export of frozen milk, erected the necessary plant, and entered into contracts for the delivery of 110,000 pounds of milk weekly. Freezing milk, it should be noted, does not kill disease germs.

We largely import milk in another form, tabulated by the Customs officials as 'condensed or preserved;' but, as we have already shown, what is termed 'fresh' in our statistics is nothing of the kind, but is specially preserved. In 1894 we imported over 529,000 cwt. of condensed milk, valued at over a million sterling.

Here, again, we are seemingly willing to waive all guarantees. Condensed milk is simply milk which has a large proportion of its water evaporated, and is preserved by combination with sugar. What security have we that the milk was originally produced under the conditions we think necessary for safe-guarding our own milk-supply? What guarantee have we that antiseptics were not added to the milk before being submitted to the process of condensation, or during the process? The introduction of the centrifugal separator has revolutionised the art of dairying, and at the same time it has raised milk adulteration into a science. Separated milk is pure fresh milk, with the butter fat taken out—in other words, fresh skim milk. It cannot be called 'whole' milk, but it may be called both pure and fresh. In former days, the dairyman who desired to make four pints of rich milk equal six pints, had recourse to the pump; now he adds separated milk, and knows that he is not so liable to be found out, for by judicious adulteration of rich whole milk with separated milk, he can defy the lactometer. Some of the condensed milk in the market is little better than separated milk. The Special Commission of the *British Medical Journal* reported that seventeen brands of so-called condensed separated milk were found to consist of condensed separated milk, containing exceedingly low percentages of fat—so low as to be negligible quantities in so far as the consumer is concerned. Now the usual standard adopted by public analysts is 3 per cent. of fat, while the Somerset House lowest limit is 2.75 per cent.

If the foreign milk came to us from such sources as Bolle's dairies in Berlin, it might have safely been welcomed; or if it had been exported from Copenhagen, where the regulation of the milk trade is so exemplary that such a thing as tainted or adulterated milk is rarely heard of. But there is too much reason to believe that the milk that was imported into this country last year would not have been accepted for consumption either in Berlin or Copenhagen. As our sanitary regulations are at present adjusted, they affect only the home milk-producer, and accordingly the foreign producer at present has the field to himself—no inquisitive questions being asked.

AN ELECTRIC SPARK.*

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE HOUR OF SUCCESS.

BRANT wrote his defiant letter to Whitehall, and then turned matters over in his mind.

'That Levinson's a fox,' he said to himself in mute admiration of the man's cunning. 'Wouldn't be in the matter a bit, and he would lick me. Fox with two tales—no, a dozen. Well, I must be sharp too. Things may go wrong. Why shouldn't I have a second hole for bolting in case things do go to the bad? By George, I will.'

The result of his self-communings was that the same evening he made his way to Endoza's flat in Victoria Street.

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The Count was out, but Miss Endoza was at home, the servant said, and Brant was shown in at once, as a consequence of various half-crowns which had fallen into the man's hand when helping with hat or coat.

'You, at last!' was Isabel's greeting. 'I began to think you had gone off somewhere with *Rénée* to get married.'

It was on Brant's lips to utter some angry retort, for he was growing very weary of Isabel's childish coquetry, and felt ready to come to an open rupture and end a connection which had been growing wearisome, and which, now that he had pretty good hope of there being an unbridgeable gulf between *Rénée* and Wynyan, he felt more than ever burdensome.

But flutters were not yet ripe, and he met her pouting look with a smile.

'No, you didn't, little one; you gave me credit for better taste.'

'Not I,' said Isabel, turning away from him. 'I'm sure you are desperately fond of her, and you tell me nothing but untruths.'

'What a beautiful little tyrant it is!' he said.

'Not half so beautiful in your eyes as *Mademoiselle Renée*.'

'Shan't answer you—shan't defend myself, because this is all talk, and you know better,' cried Brant.

'No, I do not; and the sooner everything is at an end the better, for I'm not going to break my poor little heart about such a fickle man.'

'Fickle! Oh, come, I like that!' said Brant, laughing. 'And if I were not a man, I think I ought to talk about breaking hearts. Oh, I say, beauty, you shouldn't torture me like this now I have come.'

'Well, you deserve it, sir. I'm horribly disappointed in you, I am indeed. You profess to love me, and yet you have nothing hardly to say. There is no passion—no romance.'

'What?'

'I say no romance. It's all cold matter of fact, just as if I were English.'

'But you are so unreasonable, beauty,' cried Brant. 'This isn't *Deconagua*.'

'No; unhappily no,' said Isabel, with the tears in her eyes. 'No bright nights, no fireflies, no oranges or lemons or olives.'

'Get out!' cried Brant. 'Plenty of bright nights. Look at the gas; look at the lamps on hansoms and carriages; and as for fireflies, I'll be bound to say that our electric lights beat them hollow.'

'No fruit, no flowers.'

'Heaps at *Covent Garden*; and as to olives, I'll go to *Fortnum and Mason's* first thing to-morrow, and buy you a bottle.'

Isabel sighed.

'Everything is so terribly matter of fact and commonplace. Ah, you should hear the music and serenading in *Deconagua*.'

'Ah, we don't get much of that here, except with the street bands, and at the theatres. You wouldn't have me come with a guitar, and begin strumming down below on the pavement.'

'Why not?' cried Isabel eagerly. 'Some

night when all is hushed and still, beneath the clear moonbeams.'

'Never is hushed and still,' protested Brant, laughing. 'There's generally a hansom on the way; and when there isn't that, there's sure to be a policeman on the tramp.'

'Ah, now you mock at me,' cried Isabel.

'Not I; serious as a judge, little beauty. I'll come the first clear night and serenade you.'

'You will?' cried the girl excitedly. 'Then swear.'

'Whole truth, and nothing but the truth; kiss the book,' said Brant solemnly. 'I say though, what lovely pearls! A present from the Count?'

'Ah now, that's like what you used to be,' cried Isabel, brightening up, so that Brant was fain to confess she was very pretty. 'The pearls? You shouldn't ask. Do you like them, Brant?'

'Yes, of course,' he replied. 'I say, though; it's all very well, but how was I to go on being the same as I used to be, when a certain lady was always pitching me over for some one else, and nearly driving me mad with jealousy.'

'I wasn't,' said Isabel, letting the hand he took stay in his after a very faint struggle to escape. 'You never cared enough for me.'

'What? Oh, I say! Of all the cruel little beauties! I was at last afraid to be as fond of you as I wanted to be. It was so maddening.'

Isabel shook her head.

'That's right; don't believe me.'

'It was the other way on, Brant,' she said softly, as she began picking at one of the brilliant rings on her fingers, so as to allow that hand to be imprisoned too.

'Now you are talking in riddles,' he said.

'No. You were always making me miserable by being so fond of *Rénée*.'

'*Rénée's* a cold marble statue with no more life in her than—than— Well, you know what I mean.'

'Some people are very fond of cold marble statues,' sighed Isabel.

'For ornaments in the front hall.'

'Do you want to have *Rénée* for an ornament to your front hall?' cried Isabel, shrinking from him, and trying to draw away her hand.

'You know I don't, beauty,' he whispered earnestly. 'Haven't I shown you ever since we first met how I loved the beautiful piquant little birdie? I want no ornaments in front halls; I want you always in my breast, and to feel that you nestle there, and'—

'I say, Brant.'

'Yes, but don't struggle so to get away.'

'Why not? The lady did in that play.'

'What play?' he said, as he drew her nearer.

'That one where the gentleman talked as you did then.'

'Oh, I say!' he cried. 'You are too bad, when every word was all true and original. Acting, am I? Is that acting—and that—and that—and that?'

He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her again and again, while for a few moments she

resigned herself to his caresses, and then began to struggle so violently, that in a fit of temper he let her go.

'Oh, very well!' he said sulkily.

'Papa!' she whispered; and darted away through one door, while Brant turned sharply to the other, where Villar Endoza stood silent and stern, with the light upon his face, giving him more than ever the look of an old Spanish portrait.

The two men stood gazing at each other for a few moments in silence, Brant flushed and, to use his own expression, 'staring like a fool,' Endoza calm, and with his face diplomatically expressionless, and giving no key to his opinions upon the scene, a portion at least, and probably the most of which he must have witnessed.

Then he bowed in his most stately manner, and pointed to a chair.

'That's better,' thought Brant, and he sat down, Endoza slowly following his example, crossing his legs, and leaning back with his eyes half closed.

'Now, Mr Dalton,' he said gravely, 'I am at your service. You wished to see me.'

'Yes, of course,' cried Brant, recovering his equanimity to some extent. 'The fact is, Count, I have for some time past been thinking over the proposal you made to me.'

'The proposal I made to you, Mr Dalton?' said Endoza with an inquiring look.

'Yes, of course. Don't you remember what you said about Deconcagua—what a grand country it was?'

'Oh yes. It is a grand country, Mr Dalton. Magnificent!'

'Exactly; and what fine opportunities there were for young and enterprising men.'

'Y-e-e-e-s!'

'And suggested to me that if I would throw in my lot with you, and go over, with my experience as an engineer'—

The Count smiled faintly.

'You could offer me a position at once, where I could win wealth, title, decoration, and that sort of thing, and—er—er—that there was every reason for me to expect that I might marry—er—er—form a matrimonial alliance with some beautiful wom—lady of birth and position.'

'Indeed! Did I say that?'

Endoza's face was a wonder of calm inquiry; eyes, brow, lips, all seemed to be asking the question at the same time.

'Oh yes; you said that, sir, more than once to me,' cried Brant; 'but of course such a step required a good deal of thinking about.'

'Naturally,' said the Count blandly. 'A man should be very particular in such a case.'

'Exactly so, sir. Well, as a business man I have been very particular, and I have thought it out carefully. For you see, Count, it meant for me giving up a big position in connection with our firm, and risking a great deal; but circumstances have—er—so shaped themselves, that I have come to the conclusion that I would accept your offer.'

'You would accept my offer,' said Endoza thoughtfully; and he deliberately changed the position of his legs, giving the left, which had borne the right, a rest and a ride in its turn.

'Yes, sir,' cried Brant, warming up now. 'You see the truth must out. For a long time past I've been getting desperately fond of Isabel, and she loves me in return, and I feel sure that you will do everything you can to make us happy.'

Brant felt that he had spoken out in a thoroughly frank, manly fashion, and he stopped now, congratulating himself, and waiting for the Count to take his hand, shake it warmly, give him a few words of encouragement, and make him think that he would be no loser by the change.

But Endoza showed not the slightest trace of emotion; his face remained perfectly blank and expressionless, and he sat back nursing the resting leg, and gazing at Brant through his half-closed eyes.

'I'm afraid, Mr Dalton,' he said at last, in the most velvety tones, 'there has been some misunderstanding here.'

'What? Oh no, not a bit,' cried Brant. 'You remember what you said?'

'About the opening for a young man—a clever engineer in my country?'

'Yes, of course, to me over and over again.'

'To you, yes, Mr Dalton, but not of you,' said the Count blandly.

'What?'

'The fact is, Mr Dalton, I was thinking of quite another gentleman at the time.'

'You—you were thinking of—of some one else?' faltered Brant.

'Certainly, my dear sir. My memory is very clear and good. I mentioned no names; perhaps I had better now. I was thinking what an admirable thing it would be for my country if I could induce Mr Wynyan to join us out there.'

'Curse Mr Wynyan!' cried Brant, springing up in a passion.

'I think you English have a proverb about curses, Mr Dalton,' said Endoza with a smile; 'I have heard it, but I cannot quite recall the words. You have been in error, my dear sir, so we had better clear away all misunderstandings at once. You were in error about that matter, and you are in error about my dear child.'

'No, sir, I swear'—

'Don't, pray, my dear sir. Let me assure you. She is but a sweet innocent child—too girlish and young to even think about such matters. You are in error, sir, and it is my duty to reprove you for your conduct towards her. In my own country I would have felt it my duty to call you severely to account, but in this cold damp place, I am but a diplomat, and if I had serious cause against you there would be no duel: I should have to appeal to a lawyer, I suppose. But there, you are young and impetuous. I saw what passed: you forgot your duty to the host who has made you welcome in his house, and the poor child fought bravely and well against your advances. Señor Dalton, we do not approach a lady in that fashion in my beloved land. But you Englishmen— Ah, well! I will not rake up the past. Central America can tell a sad story of the attacks of English filibusters and buccaneers.'

'Count Villar Endoza!' cried Brant; 'if you think'—

'Tut-tut! my dear sir, do not raise your voice—do not be angry. I came here to make friends, not enemies. I, in my large heartedness, made an error in asking you here. You, in your English impetuous way, made two—the first about my words, the second with respect to my dearest child. But we will part as friends, and in forgiveness. Go back to your business and learn to be a great engineer, and then marry the pretty cousin. There,' he said, rising, 'I must send off despatches. Let us shake hands and say good-bye.'

'No: we will not say good-bye, sir. Isabel'—

'Hush! here she is,' said Endoza, as, perfectly calm now, Isabel entered the room, looking keenly from one to the other. 'Ah, my darling,' he cried, 'come here. Mr Dalton and I have been talking about that little scene. You do not wish to wait a few years, and then marry Mr Dalton?'

'Oh no, *padre mio*,' cried the girl, flinging herself into his arms.

'There, Mr Dalton, you see I am right,' said Endoza, smiling. 'Now, sir, good-morning. I must ask you to leave us entirely alone. Our acquaintance is at an end.'

Brant stared at him for a moment or two in utter amazement, and tried to speak, but no words would come. Then, catching up hat and cane from where they occupied a chair, he strode out of the room and down the great staircase into the hall, where the first person he encountered was Levvinson, who passed him quickly with a smile and a nod.

For a few moments the scene in the Count's drawing-room filled Brant's brain, and with his teeth set he strode on.

'That's it, is it?' he muttered. 'Pitched overboard. No more use to him, and I may go. Two can play at some games, old chap. Just now too, when the game's up. "Oh no, *padre mio*," eh? Tehah! we shall see. "Go back to business; learn to be an engineer, and marry the pretty cousin," eh? No, my dear, smooth, Spanish emissary, that game's up, and this is a better mine to work. Curse Wynyan! Always Wynyan. Stop a moment.'

His thoughts influenced his legs, for he stopped short in the street and half turned back.

'What was Levvinson doing there? I didn't know he knew Endoza. What! The foreign government—the plans and drawings sold? Why, you blank blind fool! it was for him—and I never thought of that. Thinking of Mr Wynyan, was he; and now he'll get him to go out there and make his fortune out of the cursed thing I— Oh, I say, am I going mad?'

'Aren't you well, sir?'

'Eh, well?' said Brant in response to the rough, friendly advance of a bluff-looking policeman who took his arm. 'Oh yes, Robert, it's all right. A little giddy—that's all. Just see me into a cab.'

'It's them big drinks as do it,' said the constable to himself, as he saw the cab he had hailed drive off. 'Your champagnes and burgoinies and things like that. Much better stick

to a drop o' good old English beer. That chap's brain is all like yeast, and if he don't mind, he'll be having a good big doctor's bill.'

THE ENGLISH ARMY OF THE 'FORTY-FIVE.'

LET us realise, if we can, the quaint soldiers of the time of George II. The coats were loose and long, with broad lapels laced with gold, and adorned with a multiplicity of heavy buttons, yellow cotton being substituted for gilt in the case of the privates. In marching or on parade the skirts were folded back and buttoned behind, to give freedom to the leg. Beneath the coat was the indispensable waistcoat—to all intents and purposes a second coat—with an infinitude of smaller buttons. The legs were cased in breeches and spatterdashes, the latter reaching above the knees. The officers carried half-pikes, replaced after Fontenoy with 'spontoons,' which were simply half-pikes with larger blades; halberts and long swords with brass hilts were the weapons of the non-commissioned officers. The conical sugar-loaf hat was general in the line; but in the artillery and cavalry, the clubbed pigtail was surmounted with a huge, three-cornered hat fringed with gold-lace, such lace in the case of the privates being of cotton. The three-cornered hat, by the way, was common to all the officers. The men carried muskets with bright barrels, 'browning' being unknown; while short swords with basket hilts, and bayonets, depended from the broad, clumsy waist-belts. As if the equipment was not sufficiently clumsy, heavy, and cumbersome, huge cartridge-boxes, with a brazen 'G. R.' sprawling over the flaps, depended from the waist-belts. Such was the martial panoply in which the British soldier of that period went to war.

The state into which the English army had fallen in 1740 was pitiable: the reader will gain some idea of it by referring to Hogarth's 'March to Finchley,' painted in 1746. The speech which John, Duke of Argyll, delivered in 1740, touches the administration of the army, the manner in which commissions were granted, the lack of *esprit de corps*, and the interest and favouritism by which promotion was alone obtainable. 'To make the army useful,' said the Duke, 'it ought to be under the sole command of one man, exalted to the important trust by his known skill, courage, justice, and fidelity, and uncontrolled in the administration of his province by any other authority. . . . Those who have most opportunity of observing military merit have no power of rewarding it; and therefore every man endeavours to obtain other recommendations than those of his superiors in the army, and to distinguish himself by other services than attention to his duty and obedience to his commanders. . . . Our generals are only colonels with a higher title, without power and without command. . . . To gratify the leaders of the ministerial party, the most despicable triflers are exalted to an authority; and those whose want of understanding excludes them from any other employment are selected for military commissions. . . . We have seen the

same animals to-day cringing behind a counter, and to-morrow swelling in a military dress. We have seen boys sent from school in despair of improvement and entrusted with military command . . . and every man who is too stupid or infamous to learn or carry on a trade has been placed by this great dispenser of honours [Walpole] above the necessity of application or the reach of censure.' To such a state of degradation had the English army sunk, that Dorrington says it was common for tradesmen and others in difficulties to enlist in the Foot-guards. This was done with the collusion of commanding officers, the latter, in consideration of receiving their pay, exempting them from military duty. As the uniform protected them from arrest, the object of these shopkeeper soldiers will be readily understood.

Apart from the great military experience of John, Duke of Argyll, every word of this extract deserves to be considered by the reader, its truth being borne out by the writers and novelists of the day. It is not sufficient to say that no inducement was held out to the officer to distinguish himself; he was positively *discouraged* from showing himself a capable and meritorious soldier. He knew perfectly well that if he *did* distinguish himself, officers who might not have been in the action were certain to be elevated over his head. The man must have interest, or, failing interest, must be 'able to sing a good song;' and 'if he had a handsome wife or sister' (we are quoting from Charles Johnston), 'so much the better.' To those who know anything of the corruption of the time, the inference will be obvious. A young man then *invested* his money in the purchase of a commission because it would bring him a fixed income for his money. Knowing that no efforts of his own would advance him, or procure him an addition to his pay, he was 'satisfied to enjoy his bargain as easily as he could.' The case was the same with those who 'got into the army by interest.' They depended on the same interest to push them forward, and gave themselves no trouble to deserve a promotion, 'which they were convinced no desert of their own could ever procure them.'

With all this, the officer of George II., whatever his social standing, was liable to petty annoyances which would be possible only in an army commanded by a martinet. For instance, in February 1748, Lord Robert Bertie (third son of Robert, first Duke of Lancaster), afterwards general in the army, and colonel of the 2d Regiment of Foot-guards, received a reprimand, such reprimand being conveyed to him by the Duke of Cumberland's aide-de-camp. His military offence was that he had blown his nose, *as he relieved guard*, beneath his grace's window in St James's Palace: this, and this only, was all he had done. It was said there were at this time at least a hundred and fifty officers who desired to resign through sheer disgust and annoyance at their equivocal position. It is not in a military school of this kind that capable officers are made.

Henry Hawley, lieutenant-general, commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland in 1745, was a fair type of the general officer of that period. Hawley commanded the second line of cavalry

at Fontenoy, and commanded troops also at Culloden. We know that he was compelled to make an ignominious retreat from the Highlanders at Falkirk, losing seven out of his ten pieces of cannon. In allusion to his frequent recourse to capital punishment, his soldiers had dubbed him 'Chief-justice,' and 'Hangman Hawley.' General Wolfe, who served under this martinet, wrote of him: 'The troops dread his severity, hate the man, and hold his military knowledge in contempt.' That such an officer should distinguish himself by his cold-blooded cruelty after Culloden, is scarcely astonishing.

A sad memento of this incompetent savage still exists in the blackened ruins of Linlithgow Palace. On the night of the 17th of January 1746, General Hawley paused there in his retreat before the Highland forces of Prince Charles Edward, of whom only the day before he had expressed the utmost contempt. He quartered his demoralised troopers in the chambers of the palace, where they kindled such blazing fires that the safety of the building was endangered. A lady of the Livingstone family, who occupied some of the apartments, expostulated with the general on their reckless proceedings, and receiving a contemptuous rejoinder, retorted with spirited irony, that she 'could run away from fire as fast as he could.' She took horse accordingly for Edinburgh; but ere she dismounted, the palace was in flames, and by the following night there remained only a blackened ruin. The roofless walls, mellowed with the tints of another century, remind us of the incapable soldier who, in sheer culpable carelessness, destroyed one of the finest monuments of Scottish antiquity.

The military punishments of that day were terrible. The Duke of Cumberland's general orders contain on *three consecutive days* sentences of eight hundred, five hundred, and eight hundred lashes for thieving, 'mutinous expressions,' and 'insolent behaviour.' Three days afterwards a sentence of 'one thousand lashes' is recorded: it is fair to say the man deserved to die; but death would have been a merciful punishment. A martinet of that day might be and was a terrible tyrant to his men. Strange, out-of-the-way punishments were inflicted for trifling offences, without adding one iota to the efficiency of the army. The soldier might either be 'picketed' or made to ride the 'wooden horse.' In 'picketing,' the culprit's naked heel rested on a sharpened stake driven into the ground, his right wrist and right leg being drawn up as high as they could be to a hook fixed in an adjoining post. The whole weight of the body rested on the sharpened stake, which, though it did not break the skin, inflicted exquisite torture; the only means of alleviation was to rest the weight on the wrist, the pain of which soon became unendurable. Soldiers were frequently sentenced to stand on the 'picket' for a quarter of an hour; and in the cavalry it was often inflicted by order of the colonel, without authority of court-martial.

The back of the 'horse' was formed of planks so arranged as to form a sharp ridge eight or nine feet long. The legs (six or seven feet in length) rested on a stand moving upon wheels; to complete the resemblance, a rough

wooden head and tail were added. The offender was placed on the back with his hands tied behind him; and to increase the punishment, a heavy musket was not unfrequently tied to his legs. This punishment, which might be inflicted by sentence of court-martial, or by order of the colonel of a regiment, wrought so much injury to those subjected to its discipline, that it had to be discontinued. Francis Grose tells us that, so late as 1760, the remains of a wooden horse were standing on the parade at Portsmouth.

A charge of cowardice against British officers is rare, and we are not surprised to find the only case we have met with occurring at this degenerate time. An artillery officer was 'broke'—as it was called—for cowardice after the battle of Falkirk, in 1746. The sight must have been a degrading one even in an age which was not distinguished either for delicacy or refinement. 'The line being ordered out under arms, the prisoner was brought to the head of the oldest brigade, completely accounted, when, his sentence being read, his commission was cancelled, his sword broken over his head, his sash cut in pieces and thrown in his face, and lastly, the provost-marshal's servant giving him a kick in the rear, turned him out of the line.' So the poor degraded man—whose want of nerve was probably due to the hard-drinking habits of his time—went his way.

We have seen something of the officers, something of the discipline, something of the military 'system,' such as it was, and it seems to us that our subject would hardly be complete without mention of the commander-in-chief, William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. Shutting our eyes to what was said of him after Culloden, our duty is impartially to consider him in his character of a military commander. That the Duke was on the whole popular with the officers and men who served under him is borne out by the testimony of General Wolfe, and the generally censorious Horace Walpole. But his tactical ability was small; and his memory (with the single exception of Culloden, fought against irregular troops dispirited by dissension) is connected only with disaster and defeat. He commanded at Fontenoy, where he was defeated by Marshal Saxe in such fashion that all that was really left to him was to compass his own retreat. In 1757 he allowed Marshal d'Estrées to enclose him between the Elbe, the Weser, and the German Ocean—the result of his extraordinary generalship being that he was compelled, on the 8th of September, to sign the inglorious convention of Closterseven (disowned by his own father), by which the Electorate of Hanover was left in the hands of the French, while the whole confederate army, some forty thousand Hessians, Hanoverians, and Brunswickers, were disarmed and disbanded.

Not being received after this achievement with all those signs of satisfaction which he seems to have expected, he threw up his appointments in high disgust, and took no further share in any civil or military transaction. It would be curious to inquire how far, up till the re-organisation of our system of army

administration elaborated this autumn, the 'Horse Guards,' in its mismanagement of English military matters—its contempt of reproof, oburgation, and appeal—was still governed by the obsolete traditions of William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland.

AN ADVENTUROUS WEEK.

CHAPTER III.

WE had been four days among the Sphakiots—four healthy, exciting, memorable days. I had shot a Turk, and made up my mind that, come what might, I would not fire at another man. The poor fellow had come almost up to my revolver in clambering over the rocks; and, to save myself, I pulled the trigger, severely wounding him. To the patriots it was a proof of the genuineness of my sympathy with them; but to myself it was nothing of the kind. I had almost taken the life of a man—in self-defence it is true, and not in pure wantonness—but my very uncomfortable feelings on the subject prove clearly to myself that I was a better civilian than soldier.

There was joy in Sphakia. After the Zurra affair, for two days and the better part of two nights, it seemed to the patriots that they had only one thing left to them—to divide the island among themselves. Greece was a fine enough name to conjure with, and the *Panhellenion* periodically brought them arms, black rice (alias 'gunpowder'), and provisions. But few indeed were the Athenians who came to put themselves in the way of Turkish bullets and knives. And therefore, argued Sphakia, though Greece deserved thanks, she did not merit Crete. Crete, in fact, should be independent, and the Sphakiots should administer the island.

Naylor enjoyed himself. He said so, and looked like it. He wrote much 'copy,' but was unable to get rid of it. The *Osmán*, we heard, had returned to Constantinople, and though there were two or three cunning little craft in the bays of the coast under the mountains, they were unable to get out for the Turkish cruisers. These last we could see from our eyries, the drift of their funnel smoke lying in motionless, long lines across the horizon, above the sparkling water.

'Never mind,' said Naylor, when I remarked upon his useless expenditure of energy with ink and paper. 'A time will come. My narrative bristles with actuality, and sooner or later it will get a billet.'

We had a companion here among the rocks and snow-drifts in the crevices; one Gaston de Blessant, a roving blade like Naylor himself, only with tastes more classic than ours. He was a lively, open-hearted fellow, with Homer at his tongue tip. He was also a capital shot, as the Moslems had learned to their sorrow.

The three of us were honoured guests with the mountaineers, and though we were willing enough to take pot-luck with the patriots, the best of everything obtainable was given to us first of all. Not that 'the best' meant much. But it meant good wine, which was something; and it meant plenty of mutton and hard Sphakia cheese.

Meanwhile, the news of the Zurra incident had reached Canea. It was received furiously—so we heard. Warm reprisals were expected, and we prepared for them. The blockhouse on its perch, with some four hundred Turks in it, still stood as a menace to our part of Sphakia, though daily half-a-dozen or more of the warriors engaged in desperate sorties upon us never re-entered it!

It was now decided to storm the blockhouse without loss of time. That done, Sphakia might again acclaim itself, and there would be fair cause for hope that the Moslems might in a month or a year be expelled the island for ever.

Each hour saw an addition to Thyatis's forces after this determination had been made. They came from the plain of Anapolis to the south on the seaboard, and from Askyfo to the east. And there was hardly any direction in which we could look among the gray needles and crags of the Madara Vouna whence blue-breeched, long-legged mountaineers had not by twos and threes scrambled into our midst. They all moved with the agility of goats, and with their gun-barrels ready at an instant's notice to be levelled at a red-coat.

The night before the attack, our village gave itself up to revels. All took part in them: old white-haired men, women, girls, and children. And we Europeans did our little best to add to the fun.

While there was daylight, shooting at the Turk's head was the sport most relished. This effigy (not a real head, thank goodness!) provided Naylor, poor fellow, with a telling paragraph or two about the Sphakiot as a marksman. I could do nothing with it at any creditable distance; but both Naylor and De Blessant were applauded by the crowd for their skill.

Dancing and eating and drinking followed. There were also prayers in the little church. The priest's maledictions on his country's oppressors were evidently joined in heartily by the congregation. For my part, however, I was even more struck by the picture made by these stalwart insurgents as they packed the dimly-lit, mildewed building. I declare the fire in their eyes was a better illuminant than the lamps overhead. The clink of their arms and ornaments was also more melodious than the worthy priest's eccentric chanting.

The improvised songs by the bonfires later, with wine passing freely, were as odd as the priest's discordancies. The vocalists put us in their stanzas, and civilly exaggerated our good qualities, or what they took for such. De Blessant translated some of their eulogistic adjectives. These ought to have stimulated us very much.

But the chants were not all warlike. The Sphakiot is as ardent in love as in his hatred of the Turk, and he shows it in his verse. I was fain to finger the rose-leaves in my waistcoat pocket when these softer sentiments were in the air, to the accompaniment of the native 'bulgarie,' a rude kind of mandoline. But alas! I felt more and more that Helena Nicolopoulos was destined to become little better than a dream-image to me. How could I, after my conduct with these insurgents, ever

again hope to be allowed to walk openly to Khalepa and the rose-bowered garden? Unless, indeed, the insurrection succeeded—a consummation scarcely likely, according to precedent. Yet even as a mere dream-image this lovely girl was dear to me.

We three sat together among the five or six leaders of the Sphakiots. The mountains formed a black wall close behind the village, the houses of which seemed to advance and recede with the rising and dwindling of the flames of the fires.

De Blessant diverted us with his presentiments. He pretended to be as superstitious as the mountaineers themselves.

'That's all stuff, you know,' said Naylor, with a laugh. The Frenchman had declared gravely that he knew he should fall on the morrow.

'I do not think so, my friend,' retorted De Blessant. 'Protect my body from outrage; that is all I beg of you.'

'All right, old chap; and we'll drink a bottle of Parnasse with it in Athens by-and-by.'

'You English are so cold,' protested the other. 'I am in love too. That is the sadness of it. But, *mon Dieu*, it cannot be helped.'

This with a downright French shrug.

'He jests at wounds who doesn't mean to get one,' said Naylor: 'that's about it, isn't it, Graham?'

'We'll hope so,' I replied.

'Then jest yourself, my boy.'

'Set me the example, and I will. I'm afraid I'm not a humorous subject. But, look here, Naylor, I could not refrain from adding, most conventionally, 'if anything should happen to me'—

For answer, he burst out laughing, and said: 'My dear fellow, none of that, for mercy's sake. It's played out. We're not going to die, either of us—any one of us, I mean, *mon cher*, with a nod to De Blessant. 'It will be a little pistol practice—nothing more, on my honour.'

But the Frenchman sighed, and professed to disbelieve Naylor's sentiments.

'You do not know,' he said mournfully.

Now this sort of thing was not inspiring, even if it was all mere imagination. It had its effect on me for one, and when we lay down to sleep, in a room full of warriors, I could do nothing but toss about until the cold dawn light slid stealthily upon us.

The morning made these weak anticipations seem as absurd as perhaps they were. With the sound of gay voices, I, too, found something like courage in me. The Sphakiot cocks crew in the village as valorously as the mountaineers, and the hissing sound of swords and knives getting their last touch of sharpness on the village grindstones was as enlivening as a tonic.

No time was lost. The summer heat-mist was still on the Mediterranean when Thyatis and the other leaders began to marshal their men into companies. We could not see the cruisers. But, as if specially to encourage us, just at this time the slim body of the famous insurrectionary blockade-runner, the *Panhellenion*, was noticed gliding close inshore towards the port of Sphakia. She had successfully made

yet another of her many trips from Athens, past the stern fortress-prison of Grabusa, on Crete's north-western headland, and so round, under cover of the night, to the people who longed for her. The cheers that greeted the sight of her might almost have been heard on board.

'This night,' said Thyatis, with a proud uplifting of his chin, 'she shall carry great news to the continent.'

'Let's hope it,' responded De Blessant.

For a man who was prepared to be a corpse ere sunset, the Frenchman was singularly solicitous about the future. He expected letters by the patriotic boat, and was precise in his orders that they were to be brought up without delay, to be perused after the taking of the blockhouse.

Naylor, on the other hand, was in his old dare-devil mood. He went whistling to and fro, clapping the Sphakiot warriors on the shoulders, and airing his Greek phrases on them, with glorious carelessness whether they could be understood or not.

The parting with the womenkind was not without its notes of pathos. They are doughty souls in Sphakia, men and women alike; but this was a grave occasion. If the attack failed, it might mean the overrunning by Moslem troops, in their worst humour, of this part of the highlands. There were young brides in the village, as well as the mothers of many well-knit patriots. Poor souls! It was not to be wondered at if they had the glisten of tears in their eyes as they embraced their dear ones, and blessed them with the floridity of language that comes naturally to the southerner at such times.

The best touch of all was given by the blessing of our banners. An old priest with a white beard was led out (he was blind), and in the presence of us all he appealed to God and the saints on our behalf, with his palsied hands first on one flag and then on another. He had been through several insurrections, poor old fellow, and though enthusiasm still lingered in him, he was evidently not without his doubts.

We three were under Thyatis. Our banner was of blue silk, with the head of Leonidas worked on it, and the words 'Enough of servitude' for a device.

I confess it was not without a thrill that I heard our leader inquire: 'You will desire to be in front, gentlemen?' and Naylor's assurance that that was precisely what we wished most.

But, after all, what did it matter, methought? I tried, with fair success, to play the fatalist. If I was destined to end my life in the mountains of Crete, and leave the firm of Renton and Graham without its junior partner on such and such a day, of what use to wriggle meanly against the iron hand of the inevitable? And so I gripped my revolver and squared my shoulders, and smiled as if we were bound on a mere picnic excursion.

'We're in for it now, old chap,' said Naylor, with a chuckle. 'Shoot straight when the time comes.'

'Right, Naylor,' I replied, though still resolved, if I shot at all, it should be as crookedly as possible. I had acted the fool ere this in

life: the other day at Khalepa, perhaps, for example: why not once more?

And so the start was made, and soon we lost sight of the houses beneath us, and the rigid forms of the sad-hearted women and helpless veterans who watched us go.

The blockhouse was some two or three miles from the village. Awful miles! indescribable miles! I was prepared to have my heart brought towards my throat by Moslem muskets, but not to be frightened by rocks and precipices. Yet these last were perfectly appalling. We had to crawl along the edges of some in single file, with the subdued roar of water a thousand and more feet below, clamouring for us if we slipped. And we had also to get up the face of rock-walls that I would never have touched but for this desperate game of 'follow the leader.'

For two hours this sort of thing lasted. Then came a quiet halt and collection of forces. There was much mopping of brows and a certain amount of drinking—very necessary under the circumstances. The sun blazed on us from over the shoulder of one of the highest peaks of the Madara Vouna close by, with a great patch of snow in a dimple on its side. But it was no time to think of nature's grandeur, for barely half a mile away was the straight line of the roof of the blockhouse. More than that of it was at present invisible.

'We're in luck, my friends,' De Blessant confided to us after some words with the chiefs. 'It was expected to find certain of the "accursed ones" exercising outside. We shall perhaps now take them better unprepared.'

The last words of instruction were given, and then our army of nearly a thousand fighting men (less one, myself) was divided into three bodies. We remained with the central contingent. The other two made flank movements. I thought it rather comforting not to lose sight of the fine blue banner with the head on it. I thought also (odd how one does think of immaterial concerns at critical moments) that it was a pity the artist had not studied the real human head a little before attempting a Leonidas on silk.

The irrepressible Naylor must needs get to work with his pen during this half-hour or so. The Sphakiots looked askant at him across their great noses, and evidently wondered at his scholarship and his choosing such a time for the display of it. But Naylor remained unperturbed, nor could De Blessant's remarks and mine distract him, either.

'There!' he exclaimed, when he had done. 'If the worst happens, you can tell them at home I died writing. A bit of a fraud, perhaps; but literature itself is a pretty warm battle, I do assure you.'

The order to proceed was given. We laughed at Naylor, and obeyed it.

Our course was by the base of the cone of the high peak already mentioned. We had to descend a little and then pick our way across a small rugged upland basin of rocks and herbs. This brought us to the corresponding gentle acclivity on the other side. The blockhouse was set with its back to the rocks a little above and beyond—unseen, though so near, but felt by me, if by no one else.

I shall never forget the exciting moments of our final scramble upwards to the level of the fortress. Every instant I looked for a line of red-coats to pop up on the ridge and bowl us over like ninepins. We three were in the van. This was bad enough for me merely as a mountaineer, since the men behind were infinitely more expert climbers, and gave me no mercy. The idea of the easy target practice we should offer was worse.

Thyatis now regulated our every movement scrupulously. He was the first to get his head over the ridge; his bared head and nothing more.

Then, by twos and threes, he brought up his men and set them recumbent on the ground, with their guns levelled. We were well up the slope, and so had the better view of what was being designed. And the blockhouse was scarcely thirty paces away, and sufficiently beneath us to be covered by our men in an extraordinarily simple way. It seemed to me that Turkish heedlessness in a campaign could now have been better illustrated.

Red-coats were moving to and fro in the restricted courtyard of the building, with washing and cooking materials. A bugler began to stretch his lungs. The sunshine gleamed on the barred windows, and a breeze shook the crescented flag that capped this most bleak of abodes. Beyond, however, was the plain of Canea, with its gardens and villages, the dun-coloured capital itself, and the Mediterranean. It was a sublime perch. The cloudless blue heavens seemed almost to press upon our backs.

I made these observations as methodically as if I were a recognised non-combatant. But I was not allowed to continue so calm an occupation. Our left flank body began to show below, creeping towards the strong gate of the blockhouse.

'Get ready,' whispered Naylor. 'They're bound to spot them.'

It was even so. The blockhouse seethed with hubbub, and the courtyard was crowded with men running about to arm themselves. Then Thyatis gave the word to fire, and our men poured a terrible volley right into the thick of the Turks. I counted eleven motionless Moslems as the result.

This was the beginning. It seemed to me that we had the foe at a ghastly disadvantage; at any rate, if they were obliged to use the courtyard.

But a different tale had now to be told. From the windows and loopholes on the side that faced our flank body, a hot fire was soon being turned on the patriots. Before these could get near the walls, they had lost a number of men. Cover there was none for them, and the Moslem marksmanship made Thyatis groan and wrestle with his moustaches.

Worse followed. While our leader was anxiously looking for the appearance of our third body, I was engrossed by the movements of four huge Sphakiots from the attacking party. These, between them, carried two great sacks of gunpowder. They were protected as much as possible by their comrades. But the latter fell so fast that there was no guessing if they would ever reach their bourne, much less be allowed to place their charge conveniently in position and fire it.

Rockets were being sent up from the blockhouse even while this critical movement was in progress. Thyatis apparently liked the look of the rockets as little as the rest of the enemy's proceedings.

Word at this stage was loudly given to us to fire and advance; as a distraction, I presumed, since there was nothing very obvious for us to attack. A volley rang out against the windows and loop-holes, wherever a glint of red showed itself. The Sphakiots can shout, and they did shout. And, under the stimulating contagion, Naylor and I joined in with the ghost of a British cheer.

A roar of noise checked us—responsive and antagonistic shouts—and, after a prodigious explosion, a dense cloud of smoke rose from the spot where I had last seen the brave fellows with the powder. The fatal calamity had happened, as it seemed bound to do. The blockhouse was not destined to fall into our hands, unless we made ladders of each other, and could force our way over the walls.

'By Jove!' cried Naylor, 'that looks bad.'

We had all brought up close under the blockhouse, which here seemed as unassailable as Newgate. A rocket-stick dropped oddly between De Blessant and me. It made us laugh, though, Heaven knows, our situation was not an amusing one. There were dead Sphakiots on the slope down which we had come, and dozens of dead and wounded on the left side of the building.

An order to join our forces with these others was obeyed pell-mell. But of what use was it? There we were before a massive, iron-banded door that only a battering-ram or a piece of ordnance could have smashed.

A conviction of mismanagement and failure was upon me. It seemed to be reflected in the stern, angry faces of the patriots.

But an instant later I lost all particular interest in the siege and the Moslems' resistance to it. Naylor slanted backwards, and his right hand started to his breast.

'I've got it,' he stammered, as he fell.

De Blessant and I gave him all our attention. There seemed little else for us to do, which, from one aspect, was comforting enough. Between us we carried him under the wall of the blockhouse in the direction whence our other detachment might be expected to come. There was no doctor with the patriots in their death-or-glory enterprise. But the Frenchman said he knew a little about wounds and their treatment.

Ere we could do more, however, than lay the poor fellow on the ground, we were joined by several of the mountaineers, with the word 'Betrayed!' on their lips.

A body of Turkish soldiers was making its appearance from below. The rockets were hurrying them forward.

The thought of leaving Naylor was not to be entertained. Nor was it entertained. The mountaineers made slings of their gun-straps, and four of them took the poor fellow between them, and started at a great pace down a ravine that sprang from the eastern side of the blockhouse. Our movements were briskened painfully by the singing of bullets about our

ears, as for a time (brief, yet terrible) we again got in range of the Moslem muskets.

Then for hours, as it seemed, we did nothing but speed for our lives, reckless of precipices and aught else, except an increase of the distance between us and the victorious red-coats.

Naylor was alive, and smiled whenever we spoke to him. This sufficed to keep us from halting. He signified, moreover, that we were on no account to stop for him. But it was a miserable business. I had never felt such a coward as I felt during this headlong flight.

GOLD-MINERS IN THE PAST.

SOME EXPERIENCES IN CALIFORNIA.

Now that the attention of the entire world has been attracted to gold-mining by the magnitude of the outputs from South Africa and West Australia, perhaps a few of the experiences of a gold-seeker may not prove uninteresting. But I am not a miner of the present day: it is nearly half a century since I first set foot in California, and there is a vast difference between the way in which the precious metal is now extracted, and the primitive methods which were considered perfect in my time. The miner of fifty years ago never dreamt of machinery, costly and magnificent, capable of crushing thousands of tons of quartz per week. He 'dollied,' or ground, his little bits of rock by means of a contrivance resembling a pestle and mortar, and it was only the very richest stone that repaid him for this labour. In fact, there was very little crushing in those days, quartz not being easily found sufficiently rich to make such work a paying concern, and it was therefore alluvial gold which was chiefly sought for. The gold-seeker having decided on the place where he was to make his first venture, provided himself with a shovel and pick and started for the 'diggings.' Gold-mining was then carried on all over California, and he had his choice of many camps.

But what a wild and lawless place was California in those days! Here in these gold-fields were gathered together thousands of the greatest desperadoes that the earth could boast of, and thousands of needy, if harmless, adventurers from every country in the world. Fortunately with them were mixed thousands of honest hard-working men, of every condition in life, from the peer to the peasant, men who had been doing well, or fairly well, at their professions, or in their business offices at home, but for whom the attractions of this El Dorado had proved too powerful. Law of the land there was none, but 'Judge Lynch' dispensed what was known as Justice, instead. His jurisdiction was certainly very summary, and he was far too inclined to convict on the slightest evidence; but I must say that without him no man would have been able to retain the fruits of his labour, or even to call his life his own. And yet, even as it was, human life was of very little account. Men went about armed to the teeth, and the slightest provocation was considered an excuse for drawing knives or pistols on each other. In this way hardly a

week passed without the occurrence of some horrible tragedies. We would call the majority of the affairs murders, but Lynch law took a more lenient view; and provided there were witnesses to prove that there had been at least some kind of a quarrel, the assassin invariably got off.

But to do 'Judge Lynch' justice, I must acknowledge that he was stern enough when anything like a cold-blooded murder was brought under his notice. In fact, in cases of premeditated murder, public opinion frequently ran so strongly against the accused, that the greatest difficulty was experienced in securing him anything like a fair trial. On purely circumstantial evidence—sometimes of the weakest description—hundreds of men were hanged, many of whom were undoubtedly innocent. One of these trials in particular made a very vivid impression on me.

A claim not far from ours was owned by three very curiously assorted partners—namely, the son of an English nobleman, a German ex-waiter, and a discharged—or escaped—convict. The claim turned out very well, and after some months' labour they were able to divide a very large sum between them. The Hon. Mr Blank immediately took himself off to San Francisco for a few weeks' holiday; the other two remained at their work. A few mornings after the departure of Mr Blank, the waiter was found dead in his tent, with a black mark on his throat, and a face which presented every appearance of death from strangulation. The only other occupant of the tent was his partner, the late convict, who was known to be a man of bad character, and with whom the deceased was not on very friendly terms. Suspicion of foul play at once fell on the convict, especially as the waiter's gold was nowhere to be found, and he was arrested on the capital charge. It did not take them very long to settle matters of this kind out there. A court consisting of a president—or Judge Lynch—and a jury were quickly elected and sworn. The 'court' having heard some unimportant evidence, which simply proved that deceased was intoxicated when he went home, entered the tent where the body was lying, and viewed it. When they came out, the 'judge' announced that they were satisfied that the man had been murdered, and also that the prisoner was the only person who could have committed the crime. Still, before hanging him, it would be a great satisfaction if they could have some medical evidence, for—though most improbable—there was nevertheless a slight chance that the cause of death was other than that which they suspected. He then asked if any miner in the camp belonged to the medical profession. Now it happened that though there were four or five hundred men on this gold-field, there was not a doctor among them, and the question was therefore answered in the negative. He was then about to give the order for the prisoner's execution, when some miners near him made some remarks which I did not catch. Presently I heard my name mentioned, and immediately afterwards the 'judge' addressed me, saying: 'I am told, Mr X., that you are a doctor.'

I assured him he was misinformed, and that

I knew nothing whatever about the medical profession. Upon this several miners declared they once heard me say that I had 'studied medicine.' I replied that what they heard me say was, that I had been intended for the medical profession, but that just as I had commenced to study, the gold fever seized me, and I ran away to the diggings.

I solemnly affirmed that there was not a man on the field knew less on the subject than I did, and made several energetic but perfectly useless protests against his order. The crowd of miners, however, became quite threatening in their demeanour towards me, declaring that I was only trying to shirk the job, and that it was my duty to assist them in the administration of justice. Seeing that it was useless to contend against such opposition, I proceeded to the tent, not quite certain whether I stood on my head or my heels. Nor was this feeling lessened when I heard the order given to supply me with some sharp knives. But the most serious part of the matter was the consideration that the unfortunate prisoner's life was now practically placed in my hands, and that I was utterly incompetent to give the decision on which rested his only chance. I certainly could not swear falsely, nor had I any desire that my evidence should cause a miscarriage of justice; but, on the other hand, the deceased *might* have died of heart disease or of some such complaint. And how was I, without the slightest knowledge of anatomy or medicine, to ascertain the fact?

In this dilemma I entered the tent and looked at the body. It was lying on its back; the face appeared much swollen and distorted, and the shirt being open, the black mark on the throat was distinctly revealed. The moment I saw this mark, I felt more helpless than ever. I had expected to see a number of black spots about the windpipe, and probably some abrasions of the skin—such marks as a man's fingers, tightly compressed, would be likely to make; but what was before me was entirely different. It was a straight black line about half an inch deep, and ran right across the throat from ear to ear. I saw at once that it was most unlikely such a mark could be caused by a man's hand, and then an idea suddenly occurred to me. I had been informed that when the body was first found, the shirt was buttoned at the throat. I now tried to button it again, but found it was almost impossible to do so. The fact was, the collar was much too small, and no doubt, when the man lay down to sleep—intoxicated as he was—his neck had swelled, and he was consequently suffocated. I looked at the band of the shirt, and saw that it corresponded exactly with the black line which stretched across the throat. Much relieved by this discovery, I was quickly giving my evidence before Judge Lynch and his court. There was not a little excitement when I announced that I had found, by superficial examination, that deceased had died from a natural cause. Some of the jurors were at first incredulous; but when I took them to the tent and explained matters, they admitted that my theory was undoubtedly correct. The ex-convict had certainly a very narrow escape, and as for myself, I was

known as 'the doctor' from that day forward. The missing gold was also satisfactorily accounted for, for when Mr Blank got back, he proved that the dead man had given it to him to bank in San Francisco.

Another very curious trial was for robbery only; but the punishment on conviction was the same as for murder. Indeed, my experience taught me that, of the two, the miners were, if anything, most severe on the former offence.

A miner, whom we will call Brown, reported one morning that a bag of gold-dust, which he had buried at the foot of a certain tree immediately outside the camp, had been stolen during the night. Brown declared that when he had passed by the place at a late hour the previous evening, the ground was undisturbed. He passed the spot again in the morning on his way to work, and then noticed that it had been freshly dug, and that his treasure was gone. An affair like this became everybody's business at once; so a party of miners went to look at the spot. When they returned they announced that they had a clew. It appears it had rained during the night, and the ground about the place was consequently muddy and impressionable. On this soft clay they were able to distinctly trace some footsteps, and according to these impressions, a small triangular piece of leather must have been upon the sole of the left boot. Now the question was, who owned such a boot? The patch was such a very peculiar one, that it was hardly possible that a second of the kind existed. The miners were all called together, and a committee having been appointed, every man turned up the soles of his boots for inspection. The triangular patch not, however, appearing on any of them, the committee was requested to proceed from tent to tent to examine the spare boots of each miner. This was a work which occupied a good deal of time, and aroused much interest, a crowd accompanying the committee. At last, amidst great excitement, the members of the committee emerged from a tent with a pair of boots, which corresponded, to all appearance, with those they were in search of. Accompanied by the entire camp, they proceeded to the spot where the robbery had taken place, and there a careful comparison of the soles with the impressions was made. The length and breadth of the boots corresponded exactly with the footprints; and what was still more important, the dimensions of the triangular patch were found to be identical in every particular with the impressions made on the mud. The examination established beyond doubt that these were the boots worn by the robber. The owner of the boots—a miner whom we will call Jones—was about the only respectable man in the whole camp, and certainly the last upon whom suspicion of being concerned in such a case as this would be likely to fall. His good character, however, was powerless to shield him under the circumstances, and half an hour afterwards he was being tried for his life.

Brown swore that he had seen the prisoner loitering near the spot where the gold was hidden, a couple of days before the robbery. Several witnesses also deposed to having seen Jones passing through the camp to his tent,

considerably after midnight on the night of the robbery. The accused admitted this, but explained that he had been 'up country' all day prospecting, and was unable to get back earlier. He also admitted that he wore the boots in question on the day of the theft. Asked whether they could have been abstracted from his tent and replaced while he slept, he said he did not believe it could possibly be done, he was such a very light sleeper.

This was the substance of the case against the prisoner. The 'judge' told the jury that he considered the weight of evidence was against the accused, and the jury endorsed his opinion by returning a verdict of guilty. Poor Jones was accordingly sentenced to be hanged, his execution to take place in an hour. There was a large tree just outside the camp, known as 'the gallows tree,' and here the final scene was generally enacted. The method of hanging was certainly primitive, but it had the merit of simplicity. A rope was thrown over a stout bough, and the end with the noose adjusted around the condemned man's neck. The other end was then seized by a number of miners, who pulled until they hoisted him some feet from the ground. They then tied the rope, and the body remained swinging until next day.

When the hour had expired, Jones was taken to 'the gallows tree,' the great body of the miners accompanying him. While the rope was being arranged, my attention became fixed upon a tall thin Yankee, who held in his hands the incriminating pair of boots. This individual was leaning lazily against a tree, apparently absorbed in deep thought, and chewing with evident relish a piece of tobacco. As the preparations approached completion, he appeared to wake up, and suddenly startled us by drawing out, 'I say, Jidge.'

Several miners, as well as the judge, gave a glance in his direction, but no further notice was taken, and he relapsed again into his sleepy condition. A few minutes later, the noise of the rope being thrown across the bough again aroused him, and once more we heard 'I say, Jidge.'

These interruptions were evidently considered unseemly by the crowd, but the Yankee apparently thought that he had something worth saying, for after another few moments spent in meditation, he again bawled: 'I say, Jidge, I guess you've got the wrong man.'

Having delivered himself of this speech, he looked as if he had acquitted himself remarkably well, complacently shifted his tobacco from one cheek to the other, and prepared to enjoy another doze.

But Mr Justice Lynch had been irritated by his interruptions and remarks, and now sharply demanded what he meant by such behaviour.

'Just this, Jidge: I reckon you've got the wrong man.'

'Confound you and your reckoning; why do you say that?'

For answer the Yankee held up the boots, and then his nasal twang was heard: 'Cause, Jidge, the patch is on the *right* foot.'

For a moment the significance of the remark was not fully comprehended; then a light

dawned on the crowd, and the scene that followed was an animated one. Judge, jury, and spectators all struggled with each other for a look at the boots. The Yankee's statement was quickly proved to be quite correct—the triangular patch was indeed on the right boot. It will be remembered that, according to the impressions, this patch should have been on the *left* boot, and strange though it may seem, this important difference was overlooked when the otherwise careful comparison was made.

Of course the discovery proved Jones's innocence; but it was a 'close shave,' and the incident, with that previously related, goes to show that many innocent persons must have suffered in those days when Judge Lynch held sway.

Though there were many very successful miners on the Californian gold-fields, I would be inclined to say that, on the whole, the men who did best were the storekeepers. These charged enormous prices for everything, but then they had to bring their goods long distances—sometimes hundreds of miles—through a difficult country, and contend with every species of transport disability. They had also to frequently give considerable credit, and as may easily be imagined, made plenty of bad debts. Under these circumstances, such charges as I have seen—as, for instance, ten shillings for a head of cabbage—were not perhaps so very extraordinary. Until the Chinese came to the diggings, every man had to be his own servant. There was no such thing as getting any kind of menial work performed except on payment of prohibitive wages. In fact, it was known that—expensive as every kind of clothing material was—it was cheaper to buy a new shirt than to get the soiled one washed. The advent of the Chinese, however, changed all this. When they arrived they were generally penniless, but they were willing to do any kind of work, and through industry and an enviable capability of living on next to nothing, they soon saved money. As soon as this desirable result was attained, a dozen or so of them would club together to buy a claim, and such was their perseverance and energy, that they invariably did well.

Notwithstanding that they were so very useful, they received much bad treatment from their white neighbours. I have constantly seen them taken by the pigtail and brutally kicked upon the slightest provocation. They hardly ever resented these assaults, being either too cowardly, or feeling themselves physically unable to cope with the white man. But if they were no match for the European or American in one way, they were more than his equal in another, and he might be put down as clever who could 'best' a Chinaman. I remember an incident in this connection which may be worth relating.

A man named Jackson and his partners were working a claim near ours, for a long time without any success. They had resolved to give it up and try elsewhere, when it occurred to them that they might succeed in 'pawning it off' on a gang of simple-looking Chinese, who had just arrived from a neighbouring camp, and who were looking out for a claim to buy. Accordingly they induced

some fellow-miners to make them a 'bogus' offer for it in the presence of the Chinamen, which offer they declined. The Celestials were soon seen consulting together, and they apparently came to the conclusion that they could not make any great mistake by improving a little on the white man's offer. So their spokesman presently advanced to Jackson's mine, and shaking his fat body from side to side, asked: 'Willee sellee claim?'

'No,' was the answer, gruffly given.

The Chinaman returned to his companions, but after a few minutes' talk with them, went back to Jackson's, and again we heard: 'Willee sellee claim?'

'No, I tell you: be off out of that.'

The heathen, however, did not stir. He has unlimited faith in the power of money, and does not believe there is anything in the world which may not be bought, if only the proper price is bid. Instead of going away, therefore, he offered to purchase, for a sum which was a considerable advance on the 'bogus' bid, and after some further bargaining, bought the worthless claim for about five hundred dollars.

Next morning the Chinamen were early at work on their newly acquired holding. No doubt they quickly discovered that they had been 'sold,' but being of a persevering disposition, they toiled away hopefully for several days. At the end of a week their untiring industry received an unexpected reward, and the news went through the camp like wildfire that the Celestials 'had struck it rich' in Jackson's claim. The story turned out to be well founded. Some miners hearing that the Chinamen were getting good 'pans,' had gone over to their claim, and were astonished at the richness of some 'pannings' made in their presence. The good-luck of the Chinese increased next day, when quite a number of tidy nuggets were unearthed. But it reached a climax on the following morning when—several whites being present—one of the Chinamen brought out on the point of his pick a lump of pure gold which was found to weigh twenty-seven ounces. No such 'find' had been made in the camp for a considerable time, and it caused quite a stir. The Chinese were very visibly excited, and became most reticent and jealous of supervision, while Jackson and his friends were unmercifully 'chaffed' on all sides. It was another case of 'the biter bitten,' and for the biter there is rarely ever any sympathy. But a number of the principal miners put their heads together and came to the conclusion that it would be a shame to leave such a good thing to the 'heathens.' Accordingly a syndicate was formed, and negotiations opened for the re-purchase of the claim. The Chinese would not at first hear of selling, but were finally bullied into giving a reluctant consent. By the terms of agreement they were to get five thousand dollars and be allowed to continue working until dark that night. Needless to say they did not give up possession while there was a ray of light. When work was no longer possible they handed over the mine and were paid the sum agreed upon. Early next morning the syndicate—of whom Jackson was a prominent member—commenced operations, but

were astonished to find that their 'pannings' were quite barren. They tried all parts of the mine, but only with the same result—not a particle of gold. It presently became known that the Chinese vendors had disappeared during the night, and then it began to dawn upon the unlucky investors that the simple-looking 'heathens' had been a trifle too clever for them. Some very strong language was used, and I am afraid that, if the Celestials could have been laid hold of, they would have had a very unpleasant experience. Fortunately for them, they were many miles away, and in some unknown direction. Their stratagem was very simple, and it was admirably carried out. Finding that they had been duped, they determined to try to sell back the claim again—if possible at a profit. With this intention they hid their nuggets (they had previously done well at another camp) in the clay, and also shook some handfuls of gold dust through it. Then nothing remained but to bring all this auriferous matter to light again, which they took care to do in the presence of some of their white neighbours, and we know the result.

If gold-miners are occasionally fortunate beyond their wildest dreams, they meet also with many great disappointments. My last venture in California partook of this latter nature.

Accompanied by three companions, I left the camp and started on a 'prospecting' tour. We travelled for about two hundred miles through a wild and almost uninhabited country, until we reached a rather large river. The 'pannings' we here made were so good that we came to the conclusion that, if we turned the river from its course, its bed would prove rich enough to reward us for our labour. We set to work, but it took us fully four months to effect this object. At last, however, we had the satisfaction of knowing that our expectations were fully realised, for the first pannings we made were extremely rich. Everything pointed to the probability of our having a most successful season, when one night after some heavy rains up country, a huge flood swept down the river, bursting through our dam, and carrying all before it. This was a terrible misfortune, for not only had we our four months' work for nothing, but all our implements were lost, and we found ourselves two hundred miles from camp without a pick or a shovel. Of course there was nothing for it but to retrace our steps, and after such a bitter disappointment we never had the heart to return to that river.

SALTA AND JUJUY—JABEZ LAND.

A GOOD deal has been heard about Salta in connection with Jabez Balfour, and now that he is once more in England owing to circumstances over which he had no control, it may be as well to say a few words about that city before it fades from the public mind and relapses into its usual state of semi-oblivion.

It was founded long ago by the Spaniards, who came down from Peru, and is one of the oldest towns in the Argentine Republic. Even

now it retains far more evidences of those old Spanish days than most of the other Argentine cities—perhaps largely due to the fact that only within the last three or four years has it been connected by railway with the outer world. Formerly, travelling was attended by real peril and difficulty; but as these regions are now opening up, they will probably receive the attention they deserve.

Any one inquiring in Buenos Ayres as to what sort of provinces Jujuy and Salta may be, will be invariably horrified by tales of waterless *caches*, deserts, and fever-haunted swamps, where malaria and mosquitoes render existence, to say the least of it, undesirable. In point of fact, these two provinces are not only really healthy, but are full of natural wealth, and abound in beautiful panoramas. Salta itself lies in a valley, surrounded by picturesque hills; fifty miles to the west, the snowy Cordillera rise like a wall into the blue, and form a picture of comparative grandeur. Looking down on the town from any of the surrounding slopes, one sees a city more Eastern than American in character, the white houses, the shining cupolas of its old churches, only half emerging from masses of luxuriant foliage.

In the valleys around Salta, lying away among the ranges of the mountains which rise up to the far-off Andes, are the vineyards and wine-making villages which, with a few cattle or sugar estates, bring the greater part of the revenue to the provincial treasury. And on the tops of the hills, and hidden away in almost inaccessible ravines, are to be found a population belonging, not to the Argentine, but to a far older world. Many years ago, numbers of Bolivian and Peruvian peasantry were brought from the north, and settled in these wildernesses, where, to this day, they pasture their herds on as many leagues of country almost as they desire. So little connection have they with the outer world, that very few can speak Spanish without difficulty; they are of old Indian descent, and their tongue is Quichua, the language of the old Inca empire.

Jujuy, farther north than Salta, and on the Bolivian frontier, is a more uncivilised province. Here the one or two sugar factories which represent industry place less reliance on Christian than Indian labour for the fields. From the forests of the Gran Chaco, far away in the east, come down every year tribes of red shaggy Matacos, tattooed, and almost naked, armed to the teeth with bows and arrows, old muskets and blunderbusses of great danger to the possessors. For a couple of months they are on the march in single file, the warriors in front, to guard against surprise by a hostile tribe, and then the women, with the babies and household wares packed indiscriminately on their backs. They come down ostensibly to work—really, to get fat on sugar-cane, of which they consume immense quantities, and depart when the crop is over. On the estates, they live in villages of grass huts, well away from each other, for the different tribes on a plantation are almost always at feud with each other, and collision

between two hostile bands is an ugly affair, and productive of bloodshed. The Mataco is, in fact, a very wild type, little above the brute creation.

A far more advanced type of Indian is the Chiriguano, who comes down from Bolivia to earn mares and clothes and go home rich. All the year round bands of these men are coming and going to and fro from the north across some five hundred miles of country. They have a melodious language, are cleanly, and are some of them Christians. A curious feature about them is that they all wear buttons in their chins; their hair, long and black, is bound in masses round their heads. They come in bands of from six to sixty, under a captain—usually the deputy of some big chief up above. There are two or three big Chiriguano chiefs in the Bolivian Chaco who have supreme power over as many as three or four thousand men. They hold their own courts of justice in their own towns, wage wars with their neighbours or the Bolivian Government, and counteract the influence of the Jesuit mission among them. On the whole, the Chiriguano is a desirable labourer, is cheerful and good-humoured, clean and thrifty. A little drink, however, arouses the Indian instinct here too, and fearful fights with knives occur when there is liquor about.

It may be well to add a word as to the natural resources of these provinces. In Jujuy especially the country is almost entirely covered by virgin forests, clothing hill and valley in all directions with dense vegetation. Small palms, cedar, and hard woods abound; the timber supply, indeed, is magnificent. Tobacco, rice, sugar, maize, tea, and a little coffee are the chief objects of cultivation; but the population is small, owing to the lack of water and difficulty of communication with any market. Only a small part of the province is opened up. Minerals are said to be plentiful, and there are considerable deposits of petroleum. The climate is by no means unhealthy; the soil is extremely rich; and as the country advances it will probably be found that these districts are as worthy attention as any of the provinces of the River Plate.

SONNET—FOR A PICTURE.

WELL pleased am I, fair damsel, to have seen
This sweet resemblance of thy flawless face;
Thy snowy shoulders' rarest maiden grace;
That flower-crowned brow, where kissing fringes lean;
Those tender eyes, beyond all else serene;
Those hallowed lips, where passion leaves no trace;
That dainty neck, where tresses interlace;
And white-robed bust, as of a virgin queen.
When strife shall my tranquillity impair,
And poignant sorrows fill my heart with pain,
Let me behold thy face, so sweet and fair,
That, as I gaze into those eyes again,
I may some inward quietude attain,
Caught from the deep soul-calm depicted there.

SAM WOOD.

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